Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-School at 12 M. Sunday-School prayer-meeting, Sabbath, at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Young People's meeting, Tuesday evening at 7.45 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. Albert Mann, Jr., Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 2.30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.45 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Fremont Street, corner Franklin.—Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school, 12 M. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal) Liberty street.—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10,30 o'clock. Second service, 7.30 P. M. except first Sunday in month, when it is at 3.45 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P.M.

HOPE CHAPEL.—Sunday school every Sabbath at 3.30 P. M. John G. Broughton, Superintendent.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First mass, 8.30 A. M. High mass, 10.30 A.M. Vespers, 3 P.M. Sunday school, 2.30 P.M.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 P.M. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATSESSING M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. K. Egbert, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday school 2.30 P. M. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 8 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 P. M. Children's class for religious instruction Saturday at 3 P. M.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, (Watsessing.) Rev. James P. Fancon, Rector. Service, Sunday 10.45 A. M., 7.45 P. M. Sunday school, at 9.30 A. M. Seats free. All are invited.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10.30 A. M., and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school 2 P. M. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, at 7.45.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath service 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school, 9 A. M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 P. M. Mr. Herbert Smith, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH. (Bloomfield Ave.)—Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 A. M., Rev. Mr Furr. Sabbath school 3 P. M., E. A. Smith Sup't. Preaching 7.30 P. M., Rev. J. H. Cooley

UNION NORMAL CLASS.—Rev. W. H. Brodhead, leader. The Normal Class will be held Friday at 8 P. M. in the Baptist Church, for the purpose of studying the Sunday School lesson for the next Sabbath. All interested in the study of the Scriptures will be cordially welcomed.

A Good New Year's Story.

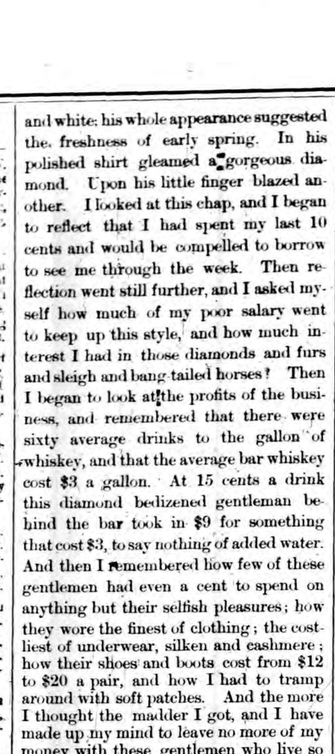
From the Chicago News.

"I am going to swear off New Year's," said a newspaper man, who does railroads and night police, as he dropped into one of Potter Palmer's cushioned seats in the rotunda of the hotel. Of course there was a laugh. There always is a laugh at a New Year's promise, and particularly that of a newspaper man. "No, boys, I've got some ideas on this business of tippling, and I'm going to give 'em to you. If either one of you will print 'em you're welcome to it. My proprietor is a drinker himself in a small way, and he might say he had not engaged me to write temperance lectures. But I'll tell you what I've been thinking about and everybody ought to think of it. That's the cost. Now, I've got too much sense to take up the temperance racket from any sentimental ideas, nor will I prate about the moralistic side of it. Leave that to the platform cranks and blue ribbon folks. My standpoint is one of practicality. What does the tippling habit cost? I have been a moderate drinker for twenty-five years. I don't think the habit is growing on me. I know I am in no danger of the gutter or tramphood. My health is perfect, my mind clear and active, and, physically and mentally considered, my seven or eight drinks a day or more on occasions seem to have done me no harm. But I am miserably poor." With this the newspaper man stretched his legs and looked at his friends, who were all his juniors. They hardly realized his poverty, for he was well dressed and known to be a gentleman. "Fact," he said. "I am poor and in debt. Of course, you know the craft does not get princely incomes, but they get enough to save something from. The difficulty is not so much lack of income as lack of prudence in handling it. Do you know what led me into this train of thought? I'll tell you. I went into one of the best saloons the other morning to get a cocktail. I was a little shaky and needed it. I had just 25 cents. I got my 10 cents change, and then I leaned up against the rail and looked around. I saw pictures that were elegant. I saw mirrors reflecting and duplicating them. I saw the most magnificent cut glass and silverware. I saw wood carvings, marble things, gorgeous tapestries, superb frescoes, and, speaking to a young man present, the barman said that it had cost nearly $60,000 to supply this one place with these gorgeous things. I looked for the proprietor. He was not in just then, but his magnificent family sleigh stood outside. It bore tufted plumes and the horses wore banged tails and Russian arches of silver gongs. The coachman wore a green coat with great pot metal disks for buttons and a huge sealskin cap that cost more than mine. And then, as I looked, I began to think. I turned to the bar and said inwardly, "I'll put up the other 10 cents and get a cocktail." The young man who made it attracted my attention. He was one of the four who were dealing out the brain's poison. He was young, strong, stalwart. His dress was immaculate, his linen faultless, his hands soft and white; his whole appearance suggested the freshness of early spring. In his polished shirt gleamed a gorgeous diamond. Upon his little finger blazed another. I looked at this chap, and I began to reflect that I had spent my last 10 cents and would be compelled to borrow to see me through the week. Then reflection went still further, and I asked myself how much of my poor salary went to keep up this style, and how much interest I had in those diamonds and furs and sleigh and bang-tailed horses? Then I began to look at the profits of the business, and remembered that there were sixty average drinks to the gallon of whiskey, and that the average bar whiskey cost $3 a gallon. At 15 cents a drink this diamond bedizened gentleman behind the bar took in $9 for something that cost $3, to say nothing of added water. And then I remembered how few of these gentlemen had even a cent to spend on anything but their selfish pleasures; how they wore the finest of clothing; the costliest of underwear, silken and cashmere; how their shoes and boots cost from $12 to $20 a pair, and how I had to tramp around with soft patches. And the more I thought the madder I got, and I have made up my mind to leave no more of my money with these gentlemen who live so easily and luxuriously, and whose gorgeous livelihood costs them not an hour's worry. Others may and will order drinks, no doubt, but from me the saloons and their gorgeous proprietors have got their last dollar. That is my little Christmas temperance lecture, boys. Try and profit by it."

What Makes Hard Times.

To The Citizen:

The following table presents to the eye the comparative expenditure of the people of the United States each year for various objects:



We ask your readers carefully to study these figures. Is it any wonder that we have hard times, wages falling and working men out of employment? What we wonder at is that we are not hopelessly sinking with a leak so vast. Some put the loss by rum at $1,400,000,000. But make any deduction you please; call it $5,000,000, for which we get in return only crime, poverty, misery. And is this not enough?

Suppose that the entire wheat crop of the country were a complete failure, not a short crop but entirely wiped out; would not that be enough to create hard times? But here is a loss far beyond that. The loss by the Chicago fire was put at $50,000,000 to $75,000,000. The Boston fire was put at perhaps $25,000,000. Say that the two amounted to $100,000,000. If such a loss should come each year, we should feel as though the curse of God were upon us, as though we were ruined. But here is a loss each year many times as vast.

It is sometimes said, "Whiskey will not hurt you if you let it alone." It is false. Whiskey hurts millions of men who never touch it. We pay a whiskey bill as often as we pay our taxes. And our taxes are more than we pay to the collector. If you rent a house, you pay the tax in your rent. You pay a tax as often as you buy at the store. You pay a whiskey bill in your higher rate of insurance. You pay a whiskey bill in bad debts which you loose. If you own a few shares in the railroad, you pay for whiskey when there is a collision, with the resulting costs. We all of us have to scrape and work and sit up nights, in order to pay the whiskey bill so that the distiller may in a few years build a brown stone house with Scotch granite trimmings. The tax which produced the American Revolution was absolutely nothing compared with the tax which we pay that the rumseller may be maintained in splendor.

And we allow the rumseller to manage our politics. The saloons in all our large cities run the parties. Of the money raised before an election by all parties a large share goes to the saloons.

What do we propose? We propose that every good man and woman be prepared for an effort lasting until the evil is overthrown. It will be no holiday parade. We propose that every method be used, personal, moral, religious, legal, political.

The two questions which are rapidly coming to the front among us are the questions of the rum traffic and the question of monopolies and money despotism.

R. C.

THE BRITON'S IMPERTURBABILITY.

The American Who Went Ashore to Look at the Island—Sociability.

The island of Ascension, in the south Atlantic belongs to the British admiralty, and is enrolled in the list of ships in commission under the title of "the tender to H. M. S. Flora." This originated in the fact that a vessel of that name was once anchored off the island as a storeship, and part of the stores were kept on shore. Naval discipline is maintained, but a few ladies—wives of the officers—exiled to this barren spot, are allowed to remain here, submitting to naval routine, which includes all lights out by 10 p. m. There is no water except intermittent collections of rain or dew, insufficient for the needs of the inhabitants. Nothing can be cultivated, though few green things grow on the peak of one of the higher hills and some narrow ravines which concentrate the scanty dews and showers. Sea-turtle and terns (locally known as "wide-awakes") are the sole edible productions. Cows are brought there, and at first supply a small quantity of milk, which is reserved for the hospital. Should there be a surplus, it is sold, a bell being rung to announce the event, but nobody is allowed to buy any more than one gill. After a time the milk dries up, and the cow is turned into beef to prevent her from starving to death.

An American returning to England left his steamer and went ashore to look at the island, and came near running against an officer with flaxen whiskers, who suddenly issued from a building. The officer raised his eye-glass, looked at the stranger with astonishment, and, before the latter could apologize, called out.

"Simmons!"

A bearded seaman, responding "Ay, ay, sir," appeared on the scene.

The officer continued: "Simmons, do you know what this person wants, or who he is?"

"No, sir; I can't say, I'm sure, sir."

The American began to explain: "Sir, I am a citizen of the United" —

The naval man interrupted him, and said: "Simmons, do you think he is a stowaway?"

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure," replied the imperturbable Simmons.

"Is there a merchant steamer at anchor here?"

"Yes, sir; Cape mail, sir."

"Well, Simmons, just go to the officer of the watch, and ask him if he has given permission to any person to board us. And—er—see what this person wants."

The American, now very angry, began again: "Sir, I am"—

He was again interrupted by the officer, who said: "I can not see this person. Perhaps you had better take him to the officer of the watch." And he went off before all the terrors of the United States could be launched upon his head; while the seaman, grinning respectfully when his superior's back was turned, conducted the irate Yankee to the officer at the landing place, with whom he had but just come ashore. Sociable fellows, our British cousins, even upon a desert island.—Science.

Glories of the Piazza St. Marco.

Piazza St. Marco, as you know, is the heart of the Queen of the Adriatic, and a glorious square it is, with its many brilliantly lighted shops displaying Venetian art; its handsomely decorated cafes, and animated life—the resort of tourist, patrician and plebian, who assemble here to drink wine, sip coffee, and promenade this their queen boulevard. Falling into the fashion I take coffee, and notice the different characters congregated here, while the dark-eyed Italian flower girl deftly inserts a rose into the button-hole of the lapel of my coat and charges 2 cents for it. All nations seem to be represented, and a fearful mixture of language is heard. The Italian women are not beautiful, prepossessing nor graceful. They delight in smearing some kind of a preparation that looks much like flour over their dark faces, giving them the appearance of a negro who has profusely powdered her face with lilly white. The huge earrings they wear elongate the ears, and look painful, but they rather seem to enjoy it.

The pigeons which resort to the piazza daily to receive the corn and crumbs from the strangers who delight in feeding them are called the sacred birds of Venice, and are so tame they hardly move out of your way, alighting upon your shoulders and arms to receive a crumb from your hands. They were formerly maintained by the government, but now subsist wholly upon the bounty of the visitors. Tradition has it that some admiral, while besieging Candia received intelligence from the island by means of carrier pigeons, which generally facilitated its conquest. He then sent the birds to Venice, and their descendants are the the ones we see now.—Venice Cor. Kansas City Times.

Sketches of a Florida "Cracker."

If there is one thing in Florida that will attract the attention of a northern visitor, it is a "cracker." This is a term applied to a native of the state, and, in my judgment, a good one, for he looks as if he might break all to pieces at any time. He is an individual who has not fed well, and who will, it is said, eat clay for food when it can be had. He is not much more than skin and bones. His skin is sallow, his face emaciated, and when he comes to town he drives a half-starved-looking little cow, hitched to a cart. Inhabitants like these are what is keeping Florida in the background. They are not industrious, and most of them hardly civilized. What they do is done in such an indolent manner that it becomes tiresome to look at them.

It is not to be supposed that a native of Florida can do as much work during the hot season as one living in the north, but I will say that if the people here would devote a little more time to preparing a good meal once in a while the likelihood is that they would be much improved in health and appearance. The saying down here is that a colored man is constitutionally lazy, and when he has a good job he does not seem to appreciate it, for it is almost invariably the rule that when he gets $5 or $10 ahead he will give up his job and live in idleness and ease until that is all gone, when he will seek another job.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Cor. Chicago Journal.

Lord Charles and His Trooper.

It is related of lord Charles Beresford that during the hot fighting in South Africa, as he was riding back after an engagement, he overtook one of his troopers wounded and slowly making his way afoot. He stopped and told the trooper to get up behind him; the trooper refused on the ground that if he got up they would both be taken by the enem , but if Lord Charles rode on alone he was certain to escape. Lord Charles looked at him a moment and said: "If you don't get up I shall have to get off and knock you down." Whereupon the trooper mounted, and both escaped.—London Cor. Boston Advertiser.

Method of Ventilating Railway Cars.

A man in Salem, Mass., has invented a method of ventilating railway cars by means of fans revolving underneath the car through gearing attached to the axles. The air is forced up into the car through pipes having bell-shaped movable openings above each seat; but this air is freed from dust by first passing through water. It is on trial by the Boston & Lowell railroad.

The distress among the working classes in Paris is so great that it has been proposed to hold fetes of industry and commerce for their benefit.

ENGLAND'S YOUNG MEN.

WHAT SHALL THE UPPER CLASSES DO WITH THEIR SONS?

University Graduates Who Inherit Nothing But the Conceit of Birth and Family Pride—Overcrowded Occupations—A Dislike of Work.

The subject I allude to is embodied in the question, "What shall the upper classes do with their young men?"

I mean the young sons of poorly off noblemen, or country gentlemen, or the sons of younger sons—youths who inherit nothing from their fathers but the empty conceit of birth or the profitless provision of family pride.

People don't seem to reflect what loads of young university graduates there are who actually starving at the English bar. Genius and talent are what is needed at the bar, and all the university degrees in the world won't confer either. There are plenty of gentlemen's sons shoved into the church to get family livings, and family patronage; but there is a limit even to the church as a means of livelihood for "gentlemen." The navy, the army, and the civil service are left. The navy we will not consider. Entrance to it has to be gained at an earlier age than that of the young men to whom I am at present directing my attention.

"CRAMMING" FOR EXAMINATION.

Of all occupations open to young English "gentlemen," I should say the army was the favorite. Young gentlemen like the idle, indolent "gentleman-like" life it affords and fosters. But, alas! again does the abominable competitive examination stare them in the face. Before they can get into a place where they can be idle, they have to work. One would think that a man with an Oxford or Cambridge degree could get into the army at once. It is true that university graduates are generally too old for the army; but even if they were not I question if they would not, like nine-tenths of the "gentlemen" candidates for commissions, have to go to a "crammer" for several months.

Again, I would ask, what is the use of going to school, if a boy has to be specially prepared after he has left it for an examination on subjects about which he should have been taught at school? Lots of gentlemen's sons scrape and scramble through the examinations. Crammed by the tutors, they answer like parrots, and then live like gentlemen again. Such youngsters may know how to dress, to gamble, to hunt, to play tennis, to drink, smoke and flirt, but they are not the stuff soldiers are made of, and their country will look in vain for their names among the roll of heroes. Naturally the army is full of cads. I think it is fortunate for the army that it is. Cads have brains, now and then.

FARMING FOR GENTLEMEN'S SONS.

Some fathers have tried setting their sons up as farmers. Farming for gentlemen's sons has been of late thought quite the thing to do. That it has in nearly every instance been a painful failure must be apparent to every thinking man. It was all very nice at the start. The young fellows liked the liberty it promised. But the work? Oh, that was quite a different matter. They had laborers to work, why should they? Instead of farming as farmers they farmed as gentlemen. They passed their time at cricket, tennis, shooting and hunting, and let the farm look after itself. It was good fun as long as it lasted, and they had plenty of out-door exercise. But farming in England, of all places, must be carried on upon the closest thriftiest, most economic principles. There must be no play, at all events.

Then, a lot of gentlemen's and noblemen's sons have been sent out to America. Lord Litchfield's son, the Hon. Claude Anson, is a sample. He has gone out to Texas to a ranch. What he is going to do there, or what he can be expected to do, is a puzzle. Like the scores of young aristocrats who go to the states to seek their fortunes, he is quite unfit for it. You see, when these fine young men go to America, they take with them all their indolent, lazy, grand ways; all their tastes for cricket, tennis, fox-hunting. They can't brush their own clothes, or carry a bag, or do anything that a "servant" should do.

SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY.

The fact is, the only solution to the difficulty is what I have suggested. Stop educating boys to be "gentlemen," and teach them to be men. Discourage all taste for dress, and make them wait upon themselves. If they have to earn their living, get them accustomed to the doing of whatever accompanies actual work. If necessary, put a stop to cricket and tennis the moment a boy shows an overweening fondness for either. Exercise out-of-doors is, of course an admirable thing for young men; but when exercise becomes an excuse for idle amusement, which fox-hunting, cricket playing, and lawn-tennis fooling have to-day become in England, it is better that a man did without exercise, I say. For men who can afford to amuse themselves from morning until night, it is bad enough; but for men who can't, it is simply ruinous. Everything they do that is not amusing becomes a bore. Work to such men is not amusing—at all events not when the novelty wears off. Work, in its true, real sense, is a bore. They hate it. Until they are educated to like it there will be no use in thinking of what work to give them. And therein lies the whole thing.—London Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Howling Features of Social New York.

But in most cases you simply pitch your card into a tray, and pitch yourself on into the presence of my big lady with the big arms and the big bouquet of tightly tied flowers, and then crowd and jam and fight back through the dense crowd to the chicken salad and the uproarious bottles in the back parlor. And then after saying all sorts of nonsense in about five seconds to about fifty very pretty women, you find yourself fighting your way back and over a perfect highway of satin trains and crushing crinoline. You fire yourself down the steps under the striped canopy that covers the sidewalk, and you see many a sweet face coming up as you go down.

Then you give some enterprising fellow in buttons a bill, and he tumbles you into a carriage, and you are soon at the step of another brown-stone front; up the steps again as before; fire your card into the plate; fire yourself at the fat woman with the fat arms and the poor tied flowers; then fight your way back to the bottles, tear off more buttons, tread on more trains, crush more costly silks' in fact, than the wearers ever dreamed of seeing in this world, perhaps. Then more champagne and celery. Then again out into the streets, and on and off. And so the afternoon goes, a sort of New Year's in fact, till you have seen about fifty big fat women with red arms and tightly-bound flowers and all their pitiful follies. They were very much alike to begin with, as if they have all gotten themselves out of the same book; but by this time they seem to be all melting and blending into one. It is time to go home. You have seen New York society.—Joaquin Miller's Letter.

Constitutional Horror of Wo

Dr. Holmes, by his new novel, has inspired the formation of a freshly coined word, "Gynephobia," meaning a constitutional horror of women, which will be applied to men who suffer tortures in the presence of women.—New York Sun.

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100 pieces low priced Ingrain reduced from 40 to 25 cents per yard.

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50 Parlor suites, in Raw Silk, reduced from $75 to $50. 50 Parlor Suites, [illegible] reduced from $50 to $25.

BEDROOM SUITES.

50 Walnut Bedroom suites, marble top, 8 pieces, reduced from $100 to $75.
50 Walnut Bedroom Suites, marble top, eight pieces, reduced from $75 to $50.
25 Walnut Bedroom Suites, reduced from $50 to $40. Ash Suites, 8 pcs. [illegible]
50 Ash Bedroom suites, 8 pieces, reduced from $40 to $25.
50 Enameled Bedroom Suites, to close them out, as low as $14.95.

Mattresses, Feathers, and Bedding of all kinds.

50 Mixed Mattresses, full size, reduced from $4 to $3. Bed Springs of all [illegible]
Bedsprings reduced from $3 to $1.40. Carpet Bed Lounges reduced from $8 to $5.
Marble Top Tables as low as $3.50. 6 ft. Walnut Extension Tables $12. [illegible]
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For our Holiday Trade.

Fancy Plush Goods.

All Lined with fine Satin. Plush Handkerchief Boxes, elegant goods at 98c. upward. Plush Collar and Cuff Boxes at 98c. upward. Fancy leatherette Collar and Cuff Boxes with Plush trimming, satin lined, at only 55c. each cheap at 75c. Combination Handkerchief, Collar and Cuff Box in Leather and Plush, at $1.25 and $1.98. Plush Shaving Sets at $2.23 and $2.48 and up. Plush Jewel and Odor Cases from 25c. upward. Fancy Plush Cases at $1.98, $2.38, $2.68.

MIRRORS.

Plush and Antique Frames, sizes [illegible] 12x12, 14x14, 16x16, 18x18, at prices [illegible] competition. Handsome Plush Mirrors [illegible] and 50c., elegant new novelties at [illegible] 98c., Screen Plush Mirrors, triplicate [illegible] folds, at only $3.98; worth $5.

BROOM HOLDERS.

Over 50 styles in Plush and Metal, at 47c. to $1.89 each.

Everything new and novel in Satin Lined, Corded, Fringed and Frosted

Christmas Cards,

New Year Cards,

Birthday Cards.

All this season's purchases, and at astonishingly low prices, many our exclusive designs, from ONE CENT up each.

FANCY PERFUMERY ARTICLES

Over 1000 styles. From 5c. to $2.98 a [illegible]

Needle Cases, in Metal and Plush. Fancy Papeteries, in plush, satin and fancy [illegible]

From 15c, upward.

In enumerating our various goods [illegible] per advertisements can never do our assortment justice. We must here repeat that whatever goods we handle we aim to show the largest possible variety, and claim for our assortment of anything in our line the first stand at the head and second to none in our [illegible]

L. S. Plaut, 715 to 719 Broad st. Newark.

During December our stores remain open as late as the trade requires.

H. C. F.

KOCH & SON,

20th St. & 6th Ave., New York,

OFFER THIS SEASON, AT PRICES, AS USUAL LOWER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE,

The Latest Novelties in Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Cloaks, Seal Plush Sacques, Newmarkets, Jackets, etc.

DRESSES,

Jerseys, Muslin Underwear, Corsets,

SILKS, VELVETS, PLUSHES,

DRESS GOODS,

FUR Muffs, Capes, Trimmings, Passementeries & Fringes,

Curtains, Upholstery Goods, Smyrna Rugs,

Housekeeping Linens, Hosiery and Merino Underwear,

CENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, ETC., ETC.

All Goods (prepaid) delivered Free of Charge within 75 miles of New York

KOCH & SON, 6th Ave. and 102, 104 and 106 W. 20th St.